

watchmen, who looked out for the approach of the enemy; but I never could sleep comfortably then. In fact I have slept in many places during my life time, but until the coming of the Gospel I could never sleep comfortably."

CHINESE COLLEGE AT MALACCA.

IDOLATRY IN CANTON.

In an address at a recent meeting of the London Religious Tract Society, Dr. Morrison remarked that Dr. Legge, President of the Chinese college, is carrying on his labours with a very hopeful measure of encouragement. He has no fewer than 36 students, partly Mahomedan and partly Chinese; some of the latter being from the best ranks of society in that place, a thing not known at former times in connexion with that College. A missionary, who has just arrived from that part of the world told me, the other day, that it was a most heart-cheering spectacle to witness these 36 youths walking into the hall of the College to prayer, with as much order and decorum as ever he had witnessed among a similar number of European youths.

It is also a pleasing fact, that a Chinese in Malacca, a man of literary habits, and known as a poet, has within the last three months given very decisive evidence that he has received the Gospel of Christ—and is now assisting the missionary in preparing Chinese hymns, that they may be able to celebrate the praise of God in that most intricate language.

I have found a great number of people who will scarcely believe, and we have been so misled that I do not wonder that people's faith should be stumbled, that China is in a purely heathen state. But how sad is the mistake, when I inform the Assembly, that, in the city of Canton, there are no fewer than 124 heathen temples, 2,000 priests—a tolerable supply—1,000 nuns; and that a sum no less than £100,000 is expended annually in the payment of these priests, and conducting the festival connected with the single city of Canton.—And yet this is not a heathen country, some people say, though the sum spent at an idolatrous service, say the least, conducted in that city, is one-sixth of the entire sum that the whole Christian world, including America, is yet able to bring forward to the help of the Lord, in proposing to convert the heathen world; for I believe the sum does not exceed £60,000 that we are employing in that object.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—The following instructive anecdote was told by the Rev. R. Moffat, missionary from Africa, at the late anniversary of the London Missionary Society. He and his companions had travelled in the interior all day and night, weary and without food.—They approached a village inhabited by the Corannas, who were accustomed to bloodshed and rapine. An individual who met them warned them against entering the village; they would do so at their peril. He pointed

them to the heights beyond the town, where he said they could sleep for the night.

We tied about us the fasting girdle to prevent the gnawing of hunger. We looked at each other, for we were hungry and thirsty, and fatigued above measure. At last an individual came; we asked for water. It was refused. I offered two or three buttons remaining on my jacket for a little milk. It was refused with scorn. It was evident something was brewing in the minds of the people, and we had good reason to be alarmed. We lifted up our hearts to God. There we sat; and as we gazed, saw a woman descend from the heights. She approached with a vessel in her hand and a bundle of wood. The vessel contained milk; having set them down she immediately returned. She shortly came back, bringing a vessel of water in one hand and a leg of mutton in the other. She sat herself down and cut up the meat. We asked her name, and if there was any relative of hers to whom we had shown kindness; but she answered not a word. I again asked her to tell me to whom we were indebted; and after repeating the question three or four times, she at last replied. "I know whose servants ye are, and I love Him who hath told me, he that giveth a cup of cold water to one of his disciples shall in no wise lose his reward." Her words seemed to glow, while she wept profusely to see one of the servants of Christ. On inquiring into her history, I found she was a solitary lamp burning in that village. I asked her to tell me how she had kept the light of God alive in her soul. She drew from her bosom a Testament, and holding it up she said, "that is the fountain from which I drink; that is the oil that keeps my lamp burning in this dark place." I looked at the book; it was a Dutch Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was given to her by a missionary when she left the school! And it was that book that had been the means of her conversion, and had kept alive her piety without any teaching save that of the Holy Ghost, or any Christian fellowship except communion with God.—*Dayspring.*

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

CONSUMMATION; A VISION.—*By S. O. H.*—The author of this piece is "a young man in a humble walk of life" and who, should the present publication be approved, "will venture to publish a work of an extensive character, together with miscellaneous pieces now in course of preparation." Our pages will not admit of an extended critique upon so small a work. It is written in blank verse, and in a few places, the sentiment and diction reminded us of the "Course of Time."—It betrays a devout and fervent regard for divine truth,—and the imagination of the author, though obviously as yet unable to remain "long on